





NB Basements = Brothel?

pg. 8

Just Kidding, it's Back

pg. 13

Dining Hall Woes

pg. 22

How to Get Around Town!

pg. 23

You Wouldn't Know Them; They're

Underground

pg. 26

Penning Down Notes

pg. 27

Coloring Outside the Lines

pg. 34

Survey Says

pg. 38



page 18



page 20



page 30

CULTURE

- 6 White Straight Male
- 8 America the Prudest
- 10 Off to the Racism
- 12 Sandwich Generation

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

- 13 Cancelled TV Show Blues
- 14 Stale Jokes: Not Laughing with the Wayans Brothers
- 16 Alice in Sculptureland
- 18 RR Interviews Artist Paolo Martinez

FEATURE

- 20 Food for Thought

MUSIC

- 26 Bandcamp Fame
- 27 Simply Songwriting
- 27 Natural Music Selection
- 28 RR Interviews The Front Bottoms
- 30 Lessons I Learned in a Semi-Successful NJ Based Indie Rock Band

POTPOURRI

- 32 I Didn't Cry at my Father's Funeral.
- 34 Lately I Have Taken to Writing on Unlined Paper
- 35 Dancing on Summer Solstice
- 36 Forty-Seven
- 38 Which is the Best Campus?

FEATURED CONTRIBUTORS



RYAN DAVIS grew up in Spotswood, NJ and dreamt of attending Rutgers University, even though it is a mere 20 minutes from his hometown. From his one-of-a-kind dance moves, one would think Ryan went to Mason Gross for interpretive dance. In fact, Ryan is a Visual Arts major with a concentration in Design. His favorite philosophical debate as of late is “what makes good design”, a topic which could fill one of his beloved Lisa Frank notebooks. While donning his favorite Hannah Montana snapback, Ryan likes to pick his scabs, drink water, ignore you, rank things, and contemplate 1998-2001. Ryan is a cherished member of *The Review*, serving as the Design Director, without whom the layout would look “cheap” and “tacky”. From his experience at *The Review*, Ryan hopes to one day either design clip art or organize a database of Martha Stewart tweets.



MICHELLE CHEN might not think her name is original, describing it as the “Jane Smith” of Chinese-American girls, but the art she produces for *The Review* is anything but mundane. Hoping to graduate in 2017, Michelle is an English and Computer Science double major. Growing up in Monmouth Junction, NJ, Michelle describes fond memories of wandering Princeton with her mom, which she still frequents when she wants to escape New Brunswick. Michelle has her faults - spending too much time staring at the ceiling, too much money on fancy food, and making to-do lists she never manages to cross out, but her eyeliner game is on point. It’s hard for Michelle to pinpoint what she’d like to do for the rest of her life since there’s so much out there that interests her. But for now, she’ll settle for being a concert photographer.

Lately I Have Taken to Writing on Unlined Paper, pg. 34



TIM SCHOBEL is a sophomore majoring in Labor Studies. While growing up in the “sleepy” suburbs of Princeton, Tim discovered a thirst for music for which he can never satisfy. His taste has certainly progressed since he saw Alkaline Trio, his first concert, as a curious adolescent. Lucky for us, Tim spends his free time searching for new music, finding shows to frequent, and providing the magazine with irreplaceable music content. Tim has come a long way from his “sleepy” upbringing, finding a home in the exciting music scene of New Brunswick. His dream job is to become a music producer, but with feet firmly planted on the ground, Tim will settle for any job that will allow him to raise a family and live comfortably - he’ll always make room for music appreciation in his spare time.

Bandcamp Fame, pg. 26



Will there be snacks? This is a question that has been pondered throughout the ages. Whether we are being coerced to another one of our friend's weird events, or working overtime and scouring the office break room, everyone has at one point or another been swayed by the promise of fritos in a paper napkin lined bowl accompanied with the constant tray of Brower Brownies. This month's feature, all about food and health in New Brunswick, tries to both speak to the mentality of 'where is my next snack coming from?' and beyond it into the "real people food" that surrounds every day. We talk about the love/hate relationship with our fine dining halls, local spots to eat, and how lucky (and sometimes not) we college kids have it in regards to food. Lastly, when you want to burn off that chicken nugget inspired freshman (or sophomore or junior) fifteen, check out our article on becoming a biking master!

We also attempt to tackle some other deep questions in this issue. What's it really like to be in a rock band? How do you decide whether it's funny, or crossing the line of political correctness? Which campus is the best campus? When is the best time to talk about sex? And so much more!

We may not have the answers to all of these questions, but hardly does anyone ever have a concrete answer to anything important enough to truly ponder. Pick up a copy, start a conversation, and take a bite out of life with us.

XOXO,

Sarah Beth Kaye

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WHITE STRAIGHT MALE

**SAM
SHOPP** I AM A WHITE, ABLE
BODIED, UPPER-MIDDLE
CLASS, STRAIGHT,
CISGENDER MALE WITH
ABOUT AS MUCH SOCIAL
PRIVILEGE AS ANYONE
IN AMERICAN SOCIETY
COULD HAVE.

My very existence is practically the antithesis of every effort towards social justice, just because all my accomplishments are bolstered by the unjustified advantage of my white-straight-maleness. Until a few years ago, I had a vehement hatred for feminism and anyone who would classify themselves as a “social justice blogger,” but today I’m a strongly vocal advocate for social activism, and I’m incredibly passionate about studying feminism and gender/culture dynamics. So how did I get here? What the hell changed? Well allow me to explain a few of the most important concepts that radically changed the way I saw the world.

The first idea that got me to question my stance on social issues was that my perspective of the world was not the same as my peers. Since the moment I was born, the only thing I’ve ever known has been what I’ve experienced personally, and this is true for everyone. The most important step, for me, was realizing that different groups of people have distinct experiences that I’ll never have because I don’t deal with the same problems as they do. For example, when I go out on a Friday night, I never have to worry about the troublingly common concerns among women:

watching my drink, whether what I'm wearing might provoke unsolicited sexual attention, etc. I don't worry about these things because I'm never worried that someone might sexually assault me. I have the *privilege* of not having to concern myself with it. And once I started to see the world

from this perspective of varied experiences and unbalanced privileging, I started to see the unfairness of my situation compared to everyone else.

Understanding the imbalance in perspectives is a good start, but I still questioned the idea that women's issues were that problematic. I used to argue, as many men tend to do, that guys have problems too. Men are statistically more

likely to lose custody battles in court, the issues of sexual assault or domestic abuse committed against men are belittled and unsupported, men have to deal with devastating standards of masculinity, and so on. Men's Rights Activists claim that these issues come from feminism "going too far" and that feminism is going past equality into the realm of misandry to put men at a disadvantage.

I then considered, however, that any problems men might face may come from the same root cause as the problems women face. This cause is a standard of masculinity that privileges the stereotype of the strong, stalwart, emotionally steady man and devalues femininity and the worth of anyone who doesn't fit that masculine mold. Because of this, women are viewed as weaker, emotional people who are meant to be caregivers, nurturers, or anything that highlights their femininity while men are meant to be the opposite. This patriarchal standard threatens women daily with physical, sexual, and verbal assault, and the recent #YesAllWomen campaign in social media was meant to highlight how widespread and serious these issues can be. Generally, the issues men face are a backlash from these gender roles. The reason cases of sexual assault against men go unnoticed or are ridiculed is because the social standard of a man says they should be able to protect themselves. They are meant to be "masculine" enough to

fight off a woman who is supposed to be the weaker sex. The reason men lose custody battles is because women are deemed better at raising children, even when they may not be. These are all based on social stereotypes that are harmful to men and life threatening to women. Their perpetuation in American culture, along with the representation of men and women in different forms of media, create the same problems that feminism would like to see destroyed.

So what can be done? Today, social activism is a growing and is a prevalent part of our society. Emma Watson gave a compelling speech at a UN conference, urging men and women to discuss feminism together. Emma Sulkowicz, a senior at Columbia University, has been carrying out a powerful performance art piece to bring attention to the school's mishandling of her sexual assault. Beyoncé has been an incredibly vocal advocate for feminism and feminist policy for years. My own activism includes writing articles like this. I try to point out the problems in rape culture, male gaze, etc., while continuing to engage in discussions about the issues. Alongside articles, like most activists, I'm always searching for ways to do more.

At first, it was hard to get involved in active feminism. As someone who fits almost every advantaged characteristic, it's hard not to take things personally when hearing how horrible white, male, straight, cissexual privilege is. Beyond that, I was also concerned that my opinions didn't hold any weight, considering the fact that I'm not one of the oppressed; it's important to stray from that kind of thinking. All the anger and hostility isn't someone's personal attack, it's a reaction to the systemic oppression that holds millions of people back, while advantaging the select few. And when I stopped taking everything personally and woke up to what was going on around me, I wasn't concerned about whether or not I was being insulted, I was starting to get angry too. And then I just wanted to know what I could do next. 

I THEN CONSIDERED, HOWEVER, THAT ANY PROBLEMS MEN MIGHT FACE MAY COME FROM THE SAME ROOT CAUSE AS THE PROBLEMS WOMEN FACE.

AMERICA THE PRUDEST

EVELYN ABRAMSON

MY PARENTS ARE STRAIGHT OFF THE BOAT FROM RUSSIA, and their expectations of college are shaped from an American outsider standpoint. There was no formal Birds & the Bees talk; there was only one mention from my father: “Evelyn, you go college now, you not get the herpe, okay?” But even that one statement of inquiry from my father demonstrated that American college is often viewed as no better than a dirty brothel. And, compared to many other countries, it is not much short of one. Take, for example, the standard Rutgers frat basement party. I’ve attended enough of them to conclude that they aren’t much short of a breeding ground. College Ave at 12 AM on a Friday night is a place where you are no longer viewed as an individual. You are viewed as a number. A ratio, to be precise. The sight of a college-aged guy swaggering down the street engulfed in a flock of women and an air of arrogance is nothing short of a demoralizing scene. It’s hard for me not to picture him with a royal purple suit, \$-sign chains, and a gold cane in hand, just like someone straight out of 50 Cent’s music video. They wander around the streets of New Brunswick trying to find a house which will accept their “ratio”. Sometimes men will even “borrow” random women they see on the street to increase their ratio. The concept of “ratio” seems extremely heteronormative and patriarchal. It forces more women to be there than men - sometimes up to eight times more women. Now if we do, in fact, accept the idea of a frat party as a social gathering where people can meet others for both nonsexual and sexual interests... would this ratio not be unfair for, say, gay men?

Please don’t get me wrong. I’m not judging the people who attend these social gatherings. Hell, I myself have attended plenty of frat parties, and in fact, I’ve enjoyed some. Instead, I’m writing this from the perspective of someone who has observed this culture and the social environment which people are put into. Dimmed lights, boisterously loud music, a tightly cramped space, and, of course, copious amounts of alcohol are not the ideal social conditions to have a friendly chat. But they are, however, the ideal social conditions to obtain “Ass ass ass ass ass ass ass ass” (Big Sean, 2011).

Now let us take a step back. Let us question: how did our wild animalistic hook-up culture get like this? Think for a moment about the society that we live in. It’s a society where children’s TV show stars are publicly shamed for attending adult movie theaters (let me break something to you: Steve from Blue’s Clues probably enjoys a good porno just as much as the next guy). It’s a society where loved celebrities are shunned for accidentally partially revealing a breast for a fleeting moment during a halftime football game (was anyone really watching Janet Jackson’s performance, saw her breast, and then looked at her own in sheer disgust and realization that other people do, also, have breasts?). It’s a society where angry mothers protest their kid’s favorite TV show just because an attractive provocatively dressed pop-star shows up for one episode (Katy Perry definitely had Elmo blushing). And yes, it’s a society that believes that the sex lives of politicians are more representative of their character than their actual political standpoints. It’s a society that is afraid of sex and sees sex as something “dirty”.

If you are not yet convinced that you live in a sexually oppressed society, take European culture as a counter-example. Lathered up porn stars advertising soap on busy highway billboards and free condoms in student tourist centers are an everyday appearance. Children run around playing on the beach completely naked. For a moment, take the concept of pre-teen and young girls’ bikini bathing suits. In many countries across the world, it is culturally accepted for young girls (around the age of 12 and less) to go topless to the beach or public pool. Of course, this isn’t the case when it comes to America, where people might as well make infants cover up. Why is it okay to objectify the chests of young girls in American culture? Is the public sight of naked girls’ chests any more perverted than the fact that society calls attention to them in the first place?

My proposed theory is this: the sexual restrictions our society sets are what cause us to push the limits of sexuality. Perhaps it is the discomfort that comes with sex in mainstream American culture which causes students to use alcohol as a sort of magical sex potion (try the new JUICE: a mixture of exquisite sweet red powder and alcohol, often

the finest Traveler's Club Vodka; served in a chalice referred to as a Red Solo Cup; will increase your chances of getting laid - no money back guaranteed!). We are so afraid of sexuality in our culture that we resort to the consumption of alcohol in order to numb the awkwardness that may come with seeking a sexual relationship.

How else has sexual deprivation affected the college social scene? Well, that brings me back to the idea of ratio. Boys and girls alike have been raised in a society that fears sex, causing them to live under a pretense that sex is a huge deal and is something that should be grasped at first opportunity. For most, this opportunity occurs in college, a distant fairytale land away from the anti-sex empire ruled by parents. Historically speaking, men have always had the upper hand in the execution of college parties, as they are predominantly hosted by male fraternities. As a result, the "ratio" is instilled—creating an environment that provides the greatest chance of finding a hook-up. This, within itself, provides a plethora of social issues including heteronormativity and gender equality, prominent issues which can be discussed in an article of their own.

When you densely populate an area with sexually oppressed young adults, it's only natural that havoc will unfold. The French have as many words for "kiss" as the Eskimos have for "snow". We have a common phrase: "I just wanna get fucked up and get some tonight." **R**



Photos by Stephanie Cortazzo

OPEN
TO
THE
RACISM

I WAS SO INCENSED THAT MY FAUX HAWK STOOD UP. Hair don't lie. I was drawing pictures on my club banner when I heard news of the racist insults against President Barack Obama by the North Korean officials. I was so furious and upset that my drawing from that evening resembled a Picasso.

Calling President Obama a "wicked black monkey" and a "crossbreed with unclear blood," North Korea's state news agency's sickening racist language attracted a lot of heated discussions from the public. It also made people speculate if that's really what Lil' Kim thinks of Obama then what does he actually think of Dennis Rodman, who called him his "best friend?" Anyhow, the moral of the story is to never trust anyone with a weird hairdo – and that includes a freshly groomed faux hawk.

As a business major, I was in disbelief after learning that my overpriced textbook does not provide the formula to success. However, it does teach me the dubious notion of the rate of return, something I found highly debatable in the wake of the Sterling scandal. 30 years ago, Sterling bought the team for \$12.5 million and is getting \$2 billion now. I'm not sure what the rate of return is, but at one point 30 some years ago my mom invested \$16,000 and based on Donald Sterling's rate of return she should have a couple million dollars by now. I honestly don't know what went wrong. Perhaps my mom lacks the charisma that Donald Sterling possesses or maybe she isn't as famous as him. Overall, it takes quite some talent to be both unfavored and loved by the media, which is something that I have strived to emulate over the years

Nonetheless, this event also stirs a huge question from that mysterious and high pitched inner voice in my head: If Kim Jong Un can utter racial slurs does that mean he should also sell his beloved basketball team? This is a similar situation to the anti-gay comments made by Chick-fil-A President Dan Cathy who vows to donate a small percentage of the revenue to political organizations that oppose LGBT rights. And to no one's surprise but my lovely hair, the comments had instantly thrust the chain restaurant into national controversy. I, for one, am a democrat who fully supports gay rights. So my question to Chick-fil-A is:

Can I still enjoy and appreciate your cute little chickens as a same-sex marriage supporter?

History has taught us that controversy increases the appeal of these events. Ask Donald Sterling, he knows better than anyone else. Thanks to Magic Johnson's explosive comments that drew considerable attention; he probably just made the basketball bigot a bit more filthy rich. The worst aspect of this is that disgraced owner Sterling is basically paying to be a racist as he got a \$2 billion ticket to anywhere but the NBA. The good thing is that it makes former Rutgers men's basketball coach Mike Rice's \$100,000 bonus seems moderate. The most audacious part of this ordeal is the former Los Angeles Clippers owner fired back as he attempted to sue the NBA for \$1 billion dollars. I really love when rich men and women fight because they do it with money which is the third most appealing weapon behind pillows and nerf guns.

Even though money doesn't grow on trees, it never hurts to imagine all the possible what-if's. One thing I know is that if I had two billion dollars to toy with I would be a good boy and generously give all the money away by writing checks to all my deceased relatives. On a side note, I will also make sure to not to purchase the North Korean basketball team from Kim Jong Un if he ever does receive a lifetime ban from participating the team's activities because I know the North Korean basketball team doesn't have as much worth compared to the Clippers. 



VICTOR WONG

SANDWICH GENERATION

Photo by Nick Perrone

WITH TUITION FEES SOARING AND FOOD PRICES SURGING, alongside the fact that most jobs aren't paying well, the cost of living is both on the rise and working itself towards a slow death. Each and every one of us are taking the hit in this economic change; a change in which we let money rule us instead of the reverse, but those that are in the sandwich generation face more than just rising prices and depreciating salaries. Sandwich generations, coined by Dorothy A Miller in 1981, are the generations that are sandwiched between the obligation to look after their parents and their kids are stuck being the patty between the buns of a hamburger. Trapped with medical bills, education fees, food, and clothing, all with barely enough quality time or other leisurely activities important for good mental health.

WITH THE ECONOMIC FLUCTUATIONS, PEOPLE OUGHT TO BETTER PREPARE THEMSELVES TO FACE ANY SORT OF FINANCIAL NEEDS BY PLANNING AHEAD AND SEEKING FINANCIAL ADVISORS.

and which results in greater dependency on their own children. These people, the adult's children, would require a stronger financial background to support their ageing parents. Marriage at a later age and delaying having children is also trending, putting them into the position of being sandwiched between the need to care for both their children and their parents concurrently. On top of that, cost of living is constantly on the rise, children after children end up in the sandwich generation themselves as they become unable to stand on their own feet.

With the economic fluctuations, people ought to better prepare themselves to face any sort of financial needs by planning ahead and seeking financial advisors. Start considering your earning income, your portfolio income and your passive income. Start sooner by expanding your financial literacy and exploring ways to enhance your income. Pick up a book or two, learn about investment, insurance and health coverage. Any book written by Robert Kiyosaki would definitely make you more financially literate. *The Intelligent Investor* by Benjamin Graham would give you the necessary guidance on how you can manage a portfolio. Diversify your portfolio with mixtures of income, domestic equities, real estates and commodities. Living with merely monthly pays will not guarantee sufficient funding, especially if you are part of the sandwich generation. Mostly, cash generates the lowest annual returns among the other major asset classes as inflation is constantly on the rise. This is why we will need assets - resources that can grant us benefits in the future. Majority of whom are Gen Y's will sooner or later become part of this sandwich generation. Regardless of your age, the time is now; learn, plan, and invest for the better! 

CANCELLED TV SHOW BLUES

RAVEN LAWLESS



Illustration by
Katherine Schneider

I RECENTLY GOT INTO WATCHING THE TV SERIES *TWIN PEAKS*. The show ran from 1990-1991, and I had heard excellent reviews about it. FBI Agent Dale Cooper investigates a murder in a small town, and he slowly discovers there's more to *Twin Peaks* than meets the eye. Abundant infidelity, serial killers, demons, drug trades, arson, fraud, prostitution - you name it, you'll find it. And these things were only the beginning of what was brought to light throughout the show.

Due to my lack of a social life and determination to find out what happens next in the series, I binge-watched the two seasons that were available on Netflix in just under two weeks. After having watched the season two finale, I was aching for more episodes. David Lynch, the creator of the show, had left the last episode with an incredibly suspenseful cliffhanger, and I needed to know what happened next.

After a quick Google search, I discovered the tragic fate of *Twin Peaks*, but not that of Agent Dale Cooper...

... *Twin Peaks* had been cancelled.

I stared at the bleak light of my laptop. It was three in the morning, my roommate was sleeping, I still had homework to do. But none of these things mattered; The show... the show was... cancelled. My life was suddenly uprooted. Chaos ensued. I felt lost... no sense of direction... Why would they cancel the show? How could there be no answers?

I've faced this dilemma before, after watching shows like *Freaks and Geeks*, *Heroes*, and countless others. However, *Twin Peaks* hit me harder than the rest. After finishing it, I felt as if David Lynch, the creator of the show, was breaking up with me but wouldn't tell me where our relationship went wrong. The absolute disappointment that is felt after finishing an unfinished series is heartbreaking.

It's hard for a show to come up with a perfect ending, but the creators should at least attempt to craft one so viewers don't feel a desperate need for answers. Since this has happened to me numerous times, I've learned ways to cope with this. You could basically consider me a pro. You see, one way efficient is to start a new show. After finishing *Twin Peaks*, I cried for about a day. And then I found *Portlandia*... Let's just say that I'm already on season two. The logic is to obsess over something else, so that maybe the lack of answers won't hurt so much.

I'll move on, but I'll never really get over abrupt end of *Twin Peaks*. 

STALE JOKES: NOT LAUGHING WITH THE WAYANS BROTHERS

GENISE DEAL

I COULD NOT
TOLERATE THE
OVER-USAGE OF
DEFAMATORY
WORDS TO MOCK
AND MARGINALIZE
PARTICULAR SOCIAL
GROUPS

LAUGHING IS ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL WHEN IT COMES TO SURVIVING THE CHAOS OF COLLEGE and barring the mundane routine of wake up, class, food truck, caffeine overload, essential naps and other college orthodoxies. Yes, you may get a chuckle every once in a while from that guy in your dorm who can recite the entire first season of your latest Netflix obsession, *Bob's Burgers*, and executes Tina's monotone timing to the exact offbeat; however, that doesn't quite measure up to seeing a comedy show live. Yes, live. Especially one starring Marlon and Shawn Wayans, the comedians responsible for popular funny movie favorites, *White Chicks*, *Scary Movie: 1,2,3,4,5*, and *Don't be a Menace to South Central while Drinking Juice in the Hood*. The Wayans brothers, being the New York natives they are, created a show called, *The Wayans Brothers* (what a coincidence). The show dissected the daily struggles of an impoverished family living in a low income neighborhood or "the ghetto," who still fought every day to make their dreams come to fruition. It wasn't preachy or boring, and the show successfully created memorable characters. Sitting in my seat, I was hoping for the same social awareness without being preachy, boring, outdated etc.

As the house lights went up, the front orchestra seats were starting to fill with people of every color, trickling in for a night full of laughter. The backdrop is red, and at each corner of the down stage is a bright purple glow illuminating the deep red even more. The show began at eight; however, all of a sudden I hear an all too familiar piano riff jump out of the speakers five minutes before show time. Other audience members in front of me turn to their friends as if they too just had an, "OMG this is my song" moment. In unison we mumble to ourselves, "Making my way down town walking fast pace is fast and I'm home bound." Talk about a warm up. The house lights go down. RUPA gives the introduction. And now we are met with our host for the evening, Wil Sylvice. He opens the show with a simple question, "White people in the house?" I chuckled.

Marlon Wayans was the first to hit the stage, which makes sense since he is the younger of the brothers. At times he was personable and elaborated on subjects that I relate to on a daily basis. When he said, "I hate people with perfect lives." Or, "Gatorade taste like a white person tried to make Kool Aid." "What really happened in the elevator with Solange and Jay Z?" And even the pun he made about white people needing black friends for suicide prevention.

When Shawn claimed the stage he maintained the "too cool for school" older brother persona he's always had throughout their career. His delivery was how I anticipated

it to be: smart in a patriarchal sense, giving the audience a lot of dad advice, but with a sense of humor. He talked about being grounded and how his family (Marlon, especially) helped him succeed in his career without "[losing] his mind in the game."

I wanted so much to love this show with not a single qualm and leave completely content; however, I could not tolerate the over-usage of defamatory words to mock and marginalize particular social groups. Unfortunately, that vile, derogatory word *faggot* was casually tossed around the stage. Being the inclusive enthusiast that I am, I found it difficult to not imagine who else's stomach in the audience didn't drop immediately upon hearing the word. When I'd heard them repeat that word over and over again, like a broken record, dropping their voice in pitch to disguise the speaker or separate him from the pungent form his words could potentially generate. I was baffled. Enraged. I could no longer hear the punch-line over the offense, exploited by comedic timing. I couldn't hear the laughter over the amplitude of my own brain asking: To what extent does my social awareness and pursuit to achieve cultural competency inhibit my ability to laugh with derogatory remarks? Or are they just not that funny to begin with?

Laughter comes to us involuntarily most of the time, but so does distaste after witnessing a perpetuation of intolerance towards the LGBTQ community by using an ugly, derogatory word. I expected to feel exposed through jokes that used awkward taboos' to simulate uneasiness, a level truthful discomfort as in all comedy. Good comedy makes you laugh at the revelation of the truth; not question its integrity. **R**

ALICE IN SCULPTURELAND

FIHA ABDULRAHMAN

THERE ARE PLACES IN THIS WORLD THAT ARE HIDDEN TREASURES. They only reveal themselves to those whose eyes were meant to appreciate, whose minds were made from the most creative fibers with imaginations of infinite proportions. These places are magical and enchanted, laced with closets to Narnia and marvels worth Willy Wonka himself.

I am lucky. One of these places, Grounds for Sculpture, revealed itself to me in the most unexpected way: on a school trip. You see, my school organized trips to museums pretty often and each time we, the students, never enjoyed them. We were always bored, so we would complain and goof off. All in all, these field trips were exhausting, and, frankly, no one cared for the exhibitions besides the overly enthusiastic tour guide. That is why when I was told we were going to an outdoor art museum, I had no expectations. Also, I was not one to do anything physical and “outdoorsy,” so nature was **not** my best friend.

When getting on the bus to go to Grounds for Sculpture, I didn’t know our destination was to be my real-world fairy-tale. We arrived, and I became Alice; unsuspecting, unknowing of the enchanting world I was tumbling into. Peacocks ran freely among the visitors, displaying their elegance and their pride. The art stood beautifully, made to withstand the elements of the earth. I remember walking along the trail before veering off, leaving the known behind. I became tangled in a series of hidden art made of gardens and sculptures.

I was enthralled by the previously un-tangible display of art in front of me, but I could see that my classmates were quickly losing interest. I could see how they were turning the landscape into a jungle gym. So I left, left the unappreciative eyes, and made my way through the whimsical

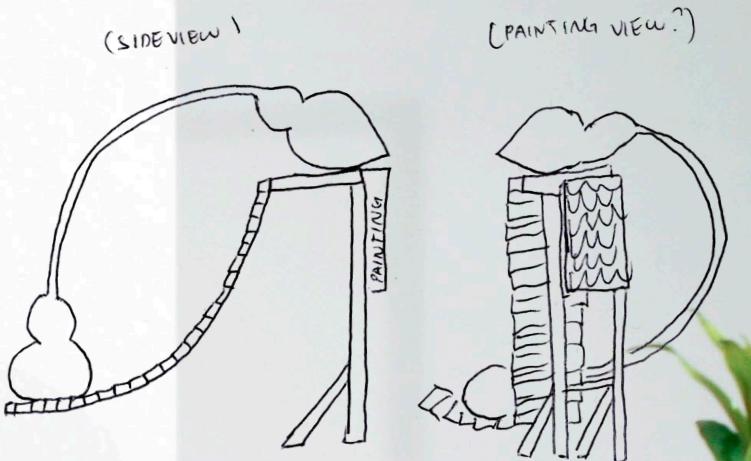
terrain. I followed streams to untouched gazebos. The architecture was delicate, too delicate for those unappreciative eyes to see. Further down I found benches, worn down from where people sat hand in hand. I could imagine how the Mad Hatter would have fell in love with Wonderland here. Soon enough I became frightened because I didn’t know where I was. But the land warped and changed to something calming. I found a jungle gym with tire swings painted in porcelain. Bottles spiraled down from trees, making music as the wind blew. I was enraptured, blown away. I wish I would have sat down and enjoyed the view but I was restless so I swung. I swung until I remembered that like Alice, I had to return to the real world. I made my way quietly back to my class and pretended that what I saw was all in my head.

Eyes peeled for magic wands and talking squirrels, my view of the set art world changed. The landscape is manipulated to create an interactive life-like experience. The goal of these grounds is to allow a person to leave all their inhibitions behind and to get lost in the 42 acres of unique art. The exhibits change as the seasons go and as the artists’ imaginations churn. Every turn presents a different era and a different experience. Amongst the thick trees and streams is the way out of Alice’s rabbit hole, but I doubt anyone would want to get out (and if you ever go check every bench because you just might find my name). This modern workspace is nothing short from a magical tale, made for hours of appreciation and astonishment. Raw art is hard to find in such a progressive era. That is why when you find treasure, you only share it with those who will never let the wonder go to waste. 



1. WHAT IS YOUR NAME & WHAT DO YOU DO?

- My name is Paolo Martinez, senior. Visual Arts major. and my concentration is Painting & Sculpture.



2. WHERE DO YOU FIND INSPIRATION FROM TO PRODUCE YOUR WORK?
WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE ARTIST THAT GIVES YOU INSPIRATION?

- I'm really into patterns, repetition, structures & plants. I really like carpets, geometric shapes, I like rainbows & iridescent things. And I look at a lot of construction sites.

3. IF YOU HAD THREE WORDS TO EXPLAIN YOUR STYLE. WHAT WOULD THEY BE? (BRIEFLY EXPLAIN)
HUMOR, COOLNESS, SETS?

HUMOR because I think my structures are very ironic, like they are not very structural at all?

COOLNESS I guess because I like ^{a lot of} ~~terrible~~ & trite stuff, like plants, rainbows, patterns.

SETS because a lot of people are saying they could be spaces for something.

4. WHERE ARE YOU NOW WITH YOUR ART AND WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO WITH IT.

- Right now I am exploring scale. And I am just trying to make these ambitious works, because I fear it will be hard to make them outside of school considering I won't have the space & facilities the Livingston Arts Building has. I am thinking a lot about Graduate School. And I am thinking a lot about how I can use my ~~practice~~ socially. Like I would want to build houses to places like the Philippines, Haiti & Africa. IDK I'm just interested in programs & volunteer works like the Peace Corps.

5. WHERE CAN WE FIND YOUR WORK? ARE YOU ONLINE?

YES - currently just a tumblr blog tho. I am still working on a website. Find me @ paolomartinezart.tumblr.com

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE FAT SANDWICH

FOUR YEARS FROM NOW, the new horde of incoming freshmen will not know the glory of the fat sandwich. Think about that: in four short years (three, really) Rutgers students will no longer stumble out of that hockey house party into the cruel cold night and zombie walk towards the beaconing light and greasy waft of the fat sandwich trucks.

Let us lament for the future of our university students and their lack of great drunk food. Let us take a moment of silence.

Thankfully, there is more than just this (not better, but more). So flip through our feature to see all the food that New Brunswick has to offer. We talk about restaurants, and our close to home dining halls (love to hate them, amirite?). We talk about having too many choices for food and all the bounty we can consume. How lucky we are to have so many options. But we also talk about the necessity for alleviating hunger, and how right next door might be a friend or a neighbor who worries about their next meal. With all these food options in New Brunswick, it's important to take a second to send out a cosmic thank you to the universe, and try your best to help others achieve a full belly before they go to sleep at night.

Because of all this food coming in, we really need to make sure we stay active. One slice of Tata's turns into four and then you're wondering why you have to wear jeans or track pants on days other than Friday. So look into our biking do's and dont's and learn to be a pro. Two wheels are better than four, and you never have to ride the Rutgers buses again!

Unfortunately, you can't ride your bike to lot 8. Because there are no longer fat sandwiches. 



JOSÉ SANCHEZ

A BURRITO THE SIZE OF A NEWBORN!

IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TO CINCO DE MAYO, you might be part of a type. You know like a stereotype or something. I imagine you're not much different from me, at least in terms of class. I'm no silver spoon-fed baby but my folks are well off enough. The difference from me and you, from people who study and, or live in New Brunswick who have gone to Cinco de Mayo and those who haven't, may be a spirit of adventurousness. I'm here to encourage that you go adventure to places unknown and seemingly dangerous. Cinco de Mayo is located in well, something of a ghetto. It's down French St. on the left-hand side if you're going south from George. George, the "studenthood" south of College Ave and other places are perceived popularly as "safe". There are classist and racist undertones to this perception. Cinco de Mayo, or just "Cinco", is located in a ward of the city chock full of Latin American immigrants, mestizo and indigenous peoples from the poorer, more underdeveloped Mexican states like Oaxaca and other Central American countries. In this period of unprecedented immigration on the one hand, and renewed nativism, "colorblind" racism and economic injustice on the other, the residents and very space surrounding Cinco possess a stigma. Violent crime in New Brunswick is abnormally high so the fears are real in a lot of ways.

Nonetheless, Cinco's burritos are so good and so cheap, that it's worth the risk. The place is a good size, able to accommodate a



crowd of twenty or thirty people. Adorning all around the walls are symbols of *el patria*, or the homeland. There's a mural of a farmer tending to a *burro*, or small donkey used as a pack animal. And of course, no truly authentic Mexican restaurant is complete without iconography of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the patron Saint of Mexican Catholics. She's an ubiquitous presence here, as the shrine of lit candles and rosary beads can attest to. And Omigod the food! You can literally get a burrito the size of a newborn, full of meats, rice, beans, and covered in cheeses and sauces. And they serve rare delicacies such as *nopales*, which is an edible cactus, as well as rabbit or quail. They even have a selection of seafood options, such as shrimp or lobster. As for the drinks, please do avoid the over-sweetened sodas in favor of the aguas frescas. I mean, all the drinks except the water taste like diabetes, but you'd really be asking for it if you try the soda. I prefer either the tangy, deep violet agua de jamaica or the horchata, which is equal parts milky and nutty to the palate. All in all, you'll get meal to last a person a day or two, if you're frugal about it. Cinco is literally one of the best places to eat in New Brunswick and if you want to feel like a true resident of the Hub City, I encourage you to go. **RK**

BORIS KLIMUSHKIN

WHERE ELSE AM I GONNA EAT?

WITH THE FRESH GROCER OUT OF BUSINESS and the Bravo Supermarket out of reach for most Rutgers students, eating at the dining halls might seem like an alright alternative. A good reason to go to the dining halls is that they are actually budget friendly. This means you could theoretically stay there all day and consume an infinite amount of food, if you really wanted to (and pretty much had nothing better to do). Money-wise, this would lead to by far the smallest price per unit of food you can get anywhere. This especially works for the under-classmen who are condemned by the required meal plans: now that you have it, you may as well use it to its fullest potential!

This doesn't apply only to people who like spending their entire days at the dining halls, by the way; usually it is very feasible to just walk out of the dining hall with some fruit or ice cream that you can save for later, thus preventing an extra small purchase. Of course some people don't just stop at fruit or ice cream...it is not uncommon for people to waltz right into the dining hall with a backpack full of tupperware containers, have a nice meal, and most importantly, fill each of those containers and every inch of space in their pockets with food to take back home. This makes the meal swipe or the \$8-18 (depending on where and when you go) actually an amazing deal. Some people are even able to get in for free, usually by mooching off people who have meal plans, or by other nefarious acts (which are not recommended); such people have truly eliminated food as a personal expense.

While using the dining halls does have some positive benefits, it is still probably one of the worst places, quality wise, to get your food (unless you're solely into burgers, then the Livingston Dining Commons is for you). The sheer amount of food you can get is amazing, but what happens when you start to eat it?

Well, the first thing that would happen is the dreaded Freshman Fifteen. It's true—eating at the dining halls almost persuades people to eat more, which in turn makes people gain weight. Moreover, anyone who has been to the dining hall can tell you that the food there isn't of great quality, and just does not taste good. But there are a couple foods that stand out in just how bad they are: the pizza feels like cardboard with some poorly chosen melted cheese on top, and the vegetarian sections lack good foods most times. The food isn't always fresh either, and sometimes, even spoiled.

Additionally, the dining halls have a habit of reusing food that was unfinished from the previous day—why do you think there are so many lobsters there the day after King Neptune Night? And to top it all off, the drink selection gets worse as the day goes on. First they start to water it down, then in the last hour or so that the dining halls are open, most fountain drinks just produce water! All in all, Rutgers students who desire quality should seek other food options to spend their money on. 



GIOIA KENNEDY

HOW TO BIKERU

I HAVEN'T RIDDEN A CRAMPED, CRAPPY RUTGERS BUS ALL SEMESTER.

Nor have I had any deprecating thoughts about my fellow passengers taking up my breathing space. It isn't because I only have classes on one campus, or because I'm a lazy piece of shit. It's because I decided to bike my way around campus this semester. By around campus, I mean around all five campuses. Below are my honest tips on how you can survive biking around RU.

There are many things to complain about Rutgers, but The University has been working with the New Brunswick Transportation Department to encourage New Brunswick residents and students to make an effort to bike instead of take the buses. If you feel like biking is "too much of a hassle, man" - frat bro, class of 2008, I can steer you in the right direction. I don't know if these are truly frequently asked questions when it comes to biking, but it's what I assume LPOS's would demand to try and get out of biking.

BIKE FAQ

I DON'T HAVE A BIKE OR MONEY TO BUY A BIKE. HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO EMBARK ON A BIKING MISSION WITHOUT SAID PIECE OF EQUIPMENT?

- Rutgers has bike rental locations all around campus. It's \$10 a month or \$25 a semester to rent a bike. The downside is, if anything happens to the bike, particularly if it's stolen, you have to pay an exorbitant amount of money to replace it.
- My suggestion is to get your bike from the New Brunswick Bike Exchange Program (NBBEP) located on 90 Jersey Ave. The NBBEP's mission is to provide affordable bikes to the New Brunswick area by refurbishing donated bikes.
- If those two options aren't appealing, there's always Kim's Bike Shop, located in a *more-sketchy part of town* on 111 French St. These bikes will most likely be more expensive than NBBEP's, but of better quality.

PROS

Saves so much time

Exercise so not to be a LPOS
(lazy piece of shit)

NO MORE BUSES!

Reducing your ecological footprint

CONS

Showing up to class sweaty/
not being able to wear Cute
Outfits

Traffic and gas fumes

Disrespectful motorists who
don't make room for you!!!

Realizing how hilly the New
Brunswick area is

I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO BUY ALL THE CRAP THAT COMES WITH OWNING A BICYCLE. IS THERE A WAY TO GET AROUND IT?

Yes, there is! There are bicycle repair stations at the Busch Campus Center, Livingston Plaza stop, RSC on Morell St, and the DCC on Nichol Ave. I mainly use them to pump tires but they can be used to do even more fancy things like change a tire or wrench some things.

HOW DO I KEEP MY BIKE SAFE?

- Buy a lock. The U-Shaped metal ones are the best.
- Lock your bike.
- There are lockers that can be rented for \$25 a semester to house your bike, which is particularly useful if you commute.

HOW DO I KEEP MYSELF SAFE?

- Wear a helmet. It's lame, but we've all witnessed the irrational, New Jersey motorists.
- If you're going to bike at night, make sure to have two lights attached to your bike; a regular light on the front, and a red light on the back to notify drivers of your presence. 

FRANCINE GLASER
RALPH W. VOORHEES PUBLIC SERVICE FELLOW
SAS, 2015

WHEN YOU'VE EATEN ENOUGH PIZZA AT TATA'S

THE UNCERTAINTY OF WHERE YOUR NEXT MEAL IS COMING FROM HAS A NAME: FOOD INSECURITY. Not knowing where you will shop next for your food or how you will afford it qualifies as food insecurity. This systemic problem is pervasive in New Brunswick, and hard to deny. Everyone is suffering: immigrants from Oaxaca, Mexico, children who are developing diabetes because of lack of access to healthy food, the off campus Rutgers students trying to save a buck, the residents who have lived here for multiple generations, and the homeless sleeping inside of the train station because there aren't enough accommodating shelters.

Students who live in Wards five and six, and the off-campus section of Nichol Ave and Commercial Ave, can experience food insecurity. Then there is the rest of the New Brunswick community. There are families struggling to make ends meet who live on Remsen Avenue and only have access to tiny corner stores and small markets. Some of the stores are fairly priced, but others are forced to charge more because of their small sizes and inventories. It can be really difficult getting the food home because many people in New Brunswick rely solely on public transportation.

Food insecurity can happen for a variety of reasons. Not having much money correlates to consequentially working multiple, possibly under the table, jobs. This affects many aspects of peoples lives, such as not having a car, or the privileges we assume most Americans

have. All of this results in people buying the food closest to them with the money they have for them, such as getting dinner frequently at Burger King on George Street, or maybe skipping a meal or two. When a \$1.99 burger exists and one is already barely able to pay rent, it's no surprise people aren't buying kale, avocados, or açai juice. It is additionally no surprise that in these food insecure situations, people become obese and suffer from illnesses, which can be exacerbated if you do not have health care. This problem is intensified for undocumented immigrants who have a very difficult time obtaining employment and assistance because of the current government system.

With the closing of the Fresh Grocer last year, Rutgers students and other community members don't know where to turn. No matter where you live in New Brunswick, there is no large supermarket within walking distance. People are traveling to Franklin for Shop Rite, Edison for H-mart, and Route 18 North, Highland Park, and Somerset for Stop and Shop. If you take the trip over into Milltown down Ryders Lane, you can shop at an Acme. Some students are able to drive home for their grocery shopping. Students don't often recommend shopping at Bravo because of the lack of selection, but can be seen with a group of friends carrying 5 to 10 bags each of groceries from Krauszer's with food that's only slightly better than junk food.

Where is this city of approximately 56,000

residents getting its food when there are small, scattered corner stores and only one functioning super market? Ralph W. Voorhees Public Service Fellows of the Bloustein School are researching this exact problem. The fellowship program has been studying food insecurity in New Brunswick for the past 4 years. Fellows this year are compiling information about where to find food in New Brunswick, who is bringing it into the city, and how it is being distributed. Ruthie Goldstein, Voorhees Fellow and a SEBS 2015 student, explains, "So many people and organizations from Rutgers, New Brunswick, and New Jersey are trying to alleviate this problem. If everyone worked together, we could solve the issue a lot sooner." Once the data is assembled by the fellows, hopefully members of New Brunswick will use this information as a resource to collaborate and feed New Brunswick more effectively.

We have learned that there are farmers markets all throughout the city that happen weekly or monthly. These markets are highly valuable because they provide affordable fresh vegetables as well as dietary staples. Anyone can go to these: students, professors, commuters, or community members. Go visit Kilmer Square Park (corner of Albany Street near Old Man Rafferty's) between 11am and 3pm on a Wednesday, or 178 Jones Ave on a Thursday (11am-3pm) or Saturday (10am-3pm). You'll discover the New Brunswick Community Farmers Market!

A lot of families who live in New Brunswick rely on the only soup kitchen in the city: Elijah's Promise. This incredible resource serves over 100,000 meals per year. They miraculously served Meals on Wheels after Superstorm Sandy, while no other New Brunswick organization had the capacity. If you haven't volunteered there yet, do it. If you're becom-

ing hungry and haven't eaten a deliciously prepared meal by Head Chef Pam, do it. You will never regret interacting with Elijah's Promise.

Many members of New Brunswick qualify to receive welfare assistance for food such as SNAP, the Supplemental Nutrition Assistance Program, or what many know as food stamps. However the application process is so arduous that people don't even

know where to begin trying to file for this need. Nor do many people have the time, as they may be working multiple jobs and tend to have children. People who have an undocumented citizen status cannot file for food stamps. It's also difficult for those who are homeless to sign up for food stamps because they do not necessarily have the proper documentation. Luckily, when people are hungry and desperate enough, there is a plethora of food pantries throughout the city. But why should it have to come to this?

New Brunswick is continually experiencing community development in respect to economic development and food security. But for today, what we need most is more healthy, affordable, and accessible food sources. No more dumpster diving. No more begging. No more worrying about where your next meal will come from. No more food insecurity. No more hunger. 

WHEN A \$1.99 BURGER EXISTS AND ONE IS ALREADY BARELY ABLE TO PAY RENT, IT'S NO SURPRISE PEOPLE AREN'T BUYING KALE, AVOCADOS, OR AÇAI JUICE

TIM SCHOBEL

BANDCAMP FAME

LAST YEAR, BEFORE I TRANSFERRED TO RUTGERS, I had a lot of free time on my hands. When I wasn't at work, I was looking up new music online. I perused online music forums and reviews pretty much whenever I didn't have a customer to ring up. It wasn't long before I discovered Bandcamp.

If you love finding new music and have an Internet connection, you should visit Bandcamp.com. It's where I've discovered and downloaded most of my music in the past year. Unlike Soundcloud, most artists on Bandcamp upload entire albums rather than individual tracks. These albums are available for download in FLAC, MP3 320, VBR, and in other formats. The best part? The majority of music available on Bandcamp is free.

Some artists have achieved a degree of notoriety on music forums where they would otherwise be unheard of. They often promote themselves with a link to their Bandcamp page and invite comments and recommendations from other posters. It's not unlikely to stumble across such a "Bandcamp thread" on a music board hosted by an online forum like Reddit or 4chan where fans and artists alike can exchange ideas and criticisms. It's actually how I first heard of Bandcamp and, subsequently, some of my favorite artists today.

If artists choose to actually sell their music online, it's great that Bandcamp offers them an opportunity to do so. The best discoveries tend to be offered free of charge, however. For example, I Know Who You Are And You Are Nothing (ikwyaayan.bandcamp.com) is a young local artist who produces bedroom pop and chiptune tracks that he compiles into free albums on Bandcamp. If not for the "name your price" option next to "Buy Now," IKWYAYAN probably wouldn't be in anyone's iTunes library. He, along with so many others,

found that offering your music for free is probably the best way to self-promote online.

Therein lies the beauty of Bandcamp. By offering free downloads, artists have started selling out shows. They've had the opportunity to go on tour and play live in places where they would have remained unknown otherwise. Alex G, for example, got started on Bandcamp. Since his online debut only a couple years ago, he's earned exactly the kind of notoriety that I call "Bandcamp Fame." I saw Alex G and Elvis Depressedly for only \$8 at the Wunderloft in Asbury Park last August. Tickets to his shows might still go for under \$20, but now he's getting written up in Pitchfork magazine.

More recently, I had the opportunity to see Teen Suicide (from Maryland) and Crying (from New York) perform in Hoboken. Admission was only \$5. Shows like these have defined the underground basement scene in New Brunswick, too. I was surprised when Frankie Cosmos played Cooler Ranch in June. A month later, Told Slant played the same venue. In October, another band I discovered online called Mumblr kicked off their tour in New Brunswick. Of course, these shows wouldn't have been possible without Bandcamp.

Napster made Dispatch famous fifteen years ago. Five years ago, Odd Future earned notoriety by offering their first albums for free. Today, independent artists everywhere have the opportunity to market themselves without actually charging people for their music, and it's all thanks to Bandcamp. 



ALEXA CARMONA

SIMPLY SONGWRITING

THE BEAUTY OF MUSIC is the different ways in which it is created. The way in which a song can prompt an emotional response is why music is so powerful. When it comes to writing a song, my method has no rhyme or reason. I can be anywhere: a bus, in class, standing in line waiting for my coffee, and someone will do something that will suddenly trigger an idea, so I instantly put it to paper. Sometimes I'll just be sitting and jamming out on my guitar, improvising for fun, and boom, words will come to mind and before I know it, the first verse is down. I write about anything: love, hardships, life and I have no organized manner of doing so. What is important to me as the lyricist is that the song evokes some type of emotion, that the person listening to it gets something out of it. When that happens I feel I have accomplished what I intended to do. Writing and producing music is the best way to express myself; it leaves me feeling fulfilled. It is my therapy, it is my passion. I believe that when you feel entirely strong about something, you must chase it and hold on to every ounce of it. That is how I feel about music. Overall it is incredible how each lyricist goes about making their own songs. Everyone has a story to tell and music is just one of many outlets of expressing those stories. 

Illustration by Victor Wong

MUSIC

TYLER SPRINGSTEEN

NATURAL MUSIC SELECTION

IT'S CRAZY TO THINK that music, one of the greatest forms of personal expression, could ever be boring. With all the possibilities ranging from intricate time signatures to poetic lyrics, how could something as individualized as music be bland?

At what point does music time out? Who really wants to listen to another U2 or Kings of Leon record that has the same feel of the last? If music is mostly timeless then my biased bullshit is wrong, but I find from a certain perspective that music is at a standstill. Artists are trying to be different, but are stuck with the same sound as the next.

Music has and will always be changing, but I feel, as of recent this change is slowing. In the past this change has expanded greatly; first it was James Brown, then the Beatles, then Zep. The evolution of music in our history has been differing from year to year. As of recent I find this evolution to be slacking.

For example, most pop and pop rock is made on a set standard that the industry deems necessary in order to profit. Although creativity does exist, it is all more of the same. It's insanity when a song comes on the radio and you as a listener can't tell if it's Taylor Swift or Rihanna.

I can only hope music will move in a new direction soon, leaving this set industry standard that follows the popular or trending sound. Underground artists like Mac Demarco and Foxing seem to be some of the first artists in a while to be paving their own sound and using their individualized creativity to produce new sounds. Even some pop artists like Lana Del Rey are showing that there can be change from this set sound of modern pop.

Music needs to move in new directions as a result of creativity and individualism. 

Read more local musicians explain
their songwriting process online at
www.rutgersreview.wordpress.com

BECKY BURLAK

RR INTERVIEWS THE FRONT BOTTOMS

RR: YOU GUYS HAVE BEEN ON TOUR IN EUROPE. HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE BACK?

FB: Fantastic.

RR: Fantastic?

FB: Yeah, it feels really good to be home. What's the greatest place ever? New Jersey.

YOU CAME FROM A BACKGROUND OF JERSEY BASEMENT SHOWS. DO YOU MISS THOSE, WOULD YOU EVER WANT TO DO ANOTHER ONE?

FB: We haven't in a while...but it is where we came from! They were always a lot of fun and we like to do them. No one asks us anymore!

RR: Aww! Well you still bring that same basement show energy nonetheless.

HOW DO YOU GUYS KEEP THE CROWD HYPED UP?

FB: I think we go into the show with the mindset of "let's just have a lot of fun and be as positive as we can be" and hopefully the audience goes off of that. We try our hardest to let people know how important it is to us.

YOUR LYRICS ARE SUPER RELATABLE TO COLLEGE STUDENTS. HOW DO YOU GUYS STILL HARP ON THAT WHILE YOU'RE ON TOUR...YOU BEING OLDER?

FB: Yea I'm like 43 so it's a hard situation. No, but a lot of the songs are written with that college mindset so when we play the songs we get taken back into that world of craziness. And we drink a lot still, too, so that's something.

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO HAVE THE ENTIRE AUDIENCE SING ALMOST EVERY SONG WITH YOU?

FB: It's cuckoo. Definitely feels crazy for all of us, makes it better without a doubt. It also goes back to the energy of keeping it sorta college age and having a good time and stuff. Everybody in the audience decides on their own what the show is going to be like.

DO YOU GUYS HAVE A FAVORITE SONG TO PERFORM?

FB: Umm. I like *Bathtub*. We kinda walked away from that song for a while but it's always fun to come back.

DO YOU REMEMBER THE FIRST SHOW YOU EVER PLAYED?

FB: Well what was the first show? Al Suego? Al Fuego? Al Suego. And we had only like 4 days to practice. We opened with *Mountain* and the sound system sucked and everything was terrible. I was like alright, I can do this. Then the beat kicked in, 1, 2, 3, 4, and I strummed the wrong chord. I got so thrown off that my fingers were on the wrong chords for the rest of the songs. Afterwards, Tom was like "Ah fuck dude." I thought I was gonna get fired.

SO WHAT BANDS ARE YOUR INSPIRATION WHEN YOU GUYS WRITE?

FB: I like anything that has a lot of lyrics and paints a picture or tells a story. I like stories.

RR: So any band that gives you a story.

FB: Yeah, anything that has good imagery. I like imagery. For the self-titled album I listened to a lot of Bright Eyes and Brand New. All that kind of stuff, my sister actually gave it to me. I also like pop music so I try to incorporate that in our songs.

WHAT COMES FIRST, MUSIC OR LYRICS?

FB: In the past, it's been lyrics, but we're always figuring out new ways to write the songs. The lyrics are usually first though.

IF YOU GUYS WEREN'T MAKING MUSIC, WHAT WOULD YOU BE DOING NOW?

FB: Collecting garbage. No seriously.

WHAT DO YOU WANT PEOPLE TO TAKE AWAY FROM YOUR MUSIC?

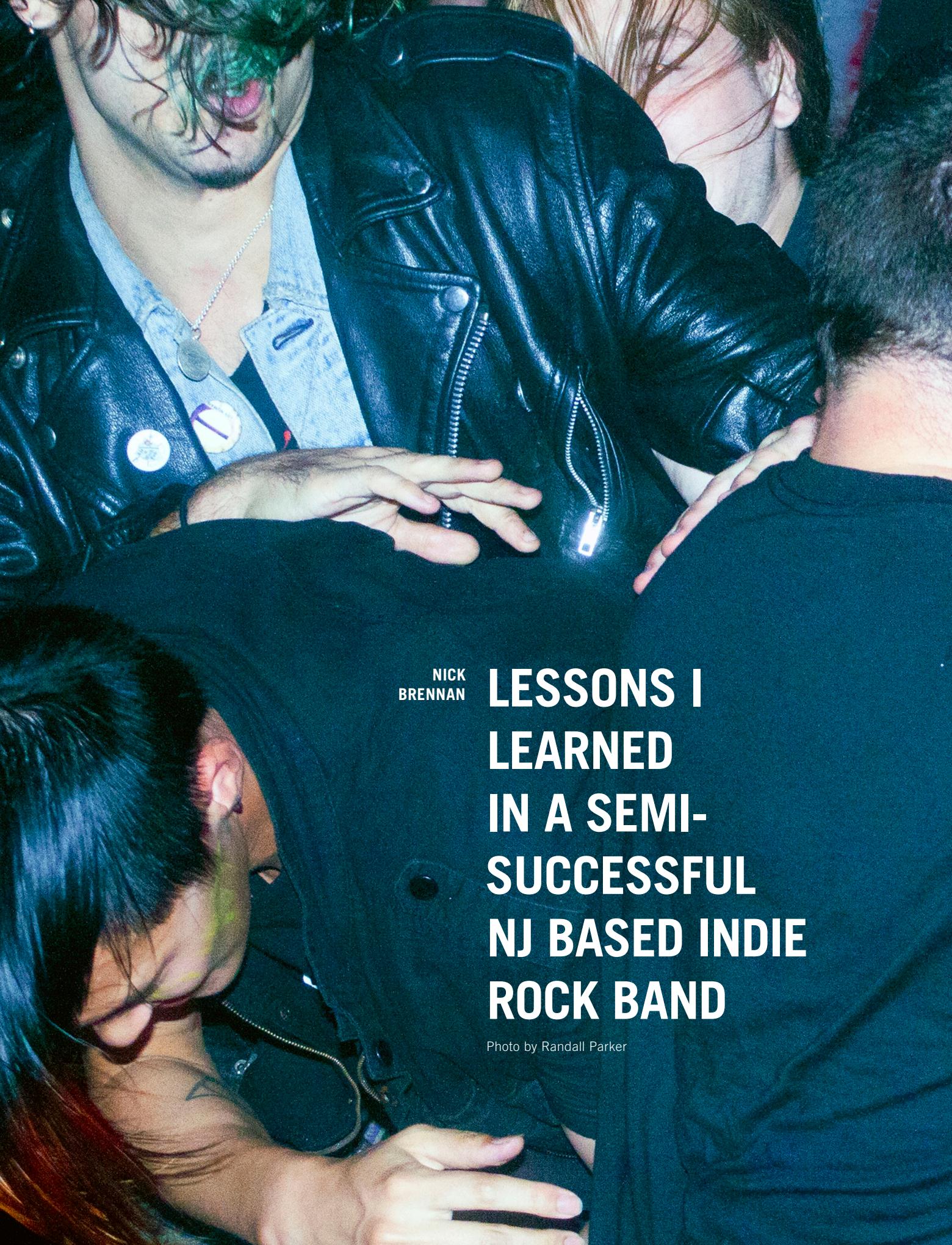
FB: What? What are you saying? Just smiles. Yeah, smiles. Just making people feel good. It's a much-needed escape to put on a song and listen to it over and over again so I hope we can give that to somebody else. 

HERE'S WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW, FROM FRONT TO BOTTOM.

Hailing from Bergen County, these NJ natives got their start when lead guitar and vocalist Brian Sella and childhood friend Mathew Uychich (drums) decided to start playing music together. The result was a mix of rock, folk, acoustic guitar and a knack for killer lyrics. The line-up has changed over the years to include current touring members Tom Warren and Ciaran O'Donnell. We were lucky enough to be able to ask the guys a few questions before they went onstage in the Livi Student Center last month.



Photo by Nick Perrone



NICK
BRENNAN

LESSONS I LEARNED IN A SEMI- SUCCESSFUL NJ BASED INDIE ROCK BAND

Photo by Randall Parker

Realizing your lifelong dream of getting signed to a record contract, touring the world, being in magazines, and losing it all before the time you're 24 sure does teach you a lot; not just about being a performer in a dying industry, but also about life. These are lessons I learned from touring and recording with a band I founded with my best friends when I was 13. We signed a record deal at 20, toured the world at 21, and packed it in at 23. My time in Static Jacks was a learning experience and I hope you can take this advice to any area of life in which the struggle is real.

ENJOY THE SMALL MOMENTS ALONG WITH THE BIG: Of course the big moments are important. In our case, playing in front of 5,000 people in London while opening for The Wombats was a big moment. However, looking back it's the small moments that reign supreme. Buying our first (and only) van from a guy with a gun in his belt loop for \$2,500 bucks. The look on our faces when a song finally clicked in my basement. A show that maybe wasn't so populated, but was inevitably intense for the people who were there. And of course, the moment where you're in Ikea shopping for freshman year furniture and a record label reaches out to say they are interested in your shitty band. Even if that phone call did not lead to our final destination or deal, the point is to not lose sight of the small victories, which usually lead to big victories. They are the memories worth keeping.

DON'T LET MONEY OR PROMISES OF FAME CLOUD YOUR VISION. Let passion guide you: We fell into the most classic trap of all time. Sign to a label, get a big budget, and use a fancy producer in a fancy studio to produce hits. With God as my witness, we had hit material. What we didn't have at the time was our best judgment. We should have gone small and used the songs and style that gained us the momentum to have these amazing opportunities. Don't get caught up in the bells and whistles; stick to your gut instincts regarding how you elevated to an amazing opportunity.

LIFE IS A MENU, TRY IT ALL: Especially when your life is McDonalds, everyday, wherever you are, ever. On the road I've eaten so much McDonalds that I resorted to many off the beaten path menu options. The filet-o-fish was like water to me in NJ, so imagine what options I sank to in Missouri. Try as many different things as you can. Be creative in your life choices and don't be afraid to explore. Life is too short to not try the Mushroom Bacon Barbecue Cheddar Ranch Chicken Club in Ohio.

BE SUBTLE WHEN MAKING BAD BUT FUN CHOICES: When your tour bus driver turns to you and says "Okay, we've reached the French border, everyone act like there aren't any drugs in the vehicle" on your first international tour, and you start to get the vibe that, THERE ARE DRUGS IN YOUR VEHICLE, it's too late to panic. So be subtle! The drug dogs will obviously be confused by all the weird and awful scents, smells, and aromas from your bus and you will be able to proceed through the French border with no trouble. Of course this will be after you have stood slack jawed while a drug dog searched your vehicle at said border and you prayed your life doesn't end because of your driver's pot at the age of 21 at the French border. The point is, be cool. It's too late to panic.

HAVE A THICK SKIN TO CRITICISM, BUT BE CRITICAL: Maybe you have a magazine that you dream of being in and have subscribed to since you were 14. Maybe the name of that magazine is the hugely influential England based NME. Maybe it's not. Maybe they give your debut album 4/10 when you're 21. The point is, have a thick skin for criticism. Everyone will have something to say about what you do or create. The only important voice is yours. Are you happy with what you made? Did you accomplish what you needed to accomplish? Anyone else, even if they have a readership of 5 million, is full of shit.

BE PROLIFIC AND DON'T HOLD BACK: As a band we often felt the need to keep our best material close to our chest. We always assumed we'd have a better opportunity to release "our best stuff". Put. Out. Your. Best. Always. If it's good, people will take notice. Work hard and keep doing what you love doing. Don't wait for approval. Just keep cranking it out and putting it into the ether. Be prolific. Do a million of what you're good at because you can only get better. 



CLAIRE YOUNG

I DIDN'T CRY AT MY FATHER'S FUNERAL.



SIX MONTHS AGO, had I told you that and I can't imagine that I would, but if I had, I imagine that I would have said it with just the right combination of self-deprecation and pride as though the experience was some monument to my perverted sense of inherited stoicism. I would have left it at that and known it to be enough. It's a common enough adage, time heals all wounds, but I don't believe that. If anything time gives you enough distance to really muddle things up, when you're living and breathing hell every day you know exactly what to do, you know exactly how and what to say to your father when he's repeated that he really wants a shamrock shake for the thirteenth time even as the golden arch marked cup peeks out from the garbage pail beside his hospice bed, you know exactly what rhetoric to use to calm your distraught and overworked mother whose run out of insurance policies to cash in and there are still bills to pay, you know exactly what keywords to punch into Google to discover that money meant for your home's mortgage was going to a one bedroom bachelor pad in Philadelphia that had no room for you or your younger brothers.

I didn't cry at my father's funeral. Sometimes I think that it was the expectation, my father's sister cradling my sobbing mother looking across her to me as his favorite hymns echoed in the background clearly waiting for my inevitable break - the random appearance of a hand on my shoulder from the pew behind belonging to any and all of my father's uncles and male cousins as a form of an encouragement to let it out. The thing was, in that moment, there wasn't anything to be let out. I was a void. Sitting in that front pew, one brother to the left, the other to the right, both hunched over with tears falling onto their dress slacks, I remember listening to the words of the priest and staring at the urn containing my father's ashes and being unable to experience anything other than a vague grasp of just how surreal death is. A medical professional would probably ascribe my lack of emotional response to shock, but I find the word reductive and inaccurate.

Shock is getting a call from your grandmother as you're flying down the parkway with your brothers to visit your father and being told to turn around without explanation no matter how you shout at her on the phone. Shock is standing in your father's hospital room as he lies prostrate in an induced coma and being told that the doctors were wrong and that yes, it is in fact cancer. Shock is getting a call from a bigger and better hospital telling your mother that the first hospital had it wrong and no it's not metastasized, its multifocal glioblastoma and there isn't any way

he's beating it. Shock is driving through a midnight blizzard forty minutes south to find out if that life insurance policy still even exists only to discover that your father's tidy office building has taken a page from Russell Crowe's shed in *A Beautiful Mind*. Shock is when all the little secrets reveal themselves and you find yourself looking at the face of a dying man who you thought you knew and who you trusted only to learn he was a liar and you can't even call him on it because he can't remember the last five minutes let alone recall the extent of his attempted betrayal. His death, after two surgeries, radiation, months of failed physical therapy, and more months of hospice care, was not shocking. If anything, his death was the only expected part of the entire experience.

He died last June. I don't remember the date. I don't think I need to. My mother and my brothers know it - this year when the first anniversary of his death came they all said so. I had been living it too closely to make note of the numbers. I had been wrapped up too tightly in the logistics of it, of getting over to the hospice every day, driving my brothers to school every morning and picking them up every afternoon, going to the grocery store, making sure the house was clean, of managing the day-to-day to take any real account of the whole picture. Somewhere in between all the logistics and the fresh resentment and the newfound hatred I had cultivated I forgot to grieve.

It's been a year and a half since my father died and only now do I think that I've actually started to grieve. Time has allowed my neatly-managed feelings of hatred and resentment to wear at the seams. Wounds I was certain I'd sewn nice and tight have opened and I can't seem to get them to fit under a bandaid much less scar over. I can remember now small things about him, how he only would buy one brand of vanilla tobacco for his pipe, his devotion to natural canvas Chuck Taylors, his well worn collection of flannel shirts, and it feels like loss. Time and distance haven't provided me with clarity or a sense of peace, all they've done is complicate things to such a degree that now I'm fairly certain I'll spend my entire life trying to sort it all out without actually solving anything. They say you have to find closure, that you have to move on, that you will, but I don't believe that. I don't believe closure is possible, there are always lingering threads, feelings, thoughts and now I don't know if that's such a bad thing. It's more complicated, it's certainly more painful, but I think it's the way it's supposed to be. **RE**

LATELY I HAVE TAKEN TO WRITING ON UNLINED PAPER

MICHELLE CHEN

i used to deplore it.
my writing, i reasoned
was hectic enough
all jagged edges
untamed angles
i used to put it in
restraints

when it learned to escape
from college ruled lines
i confined this script in gridded
cells
squares are far from
stable shapes
and i have never been good
with walls

so lately
i have taken to
writing on
unlined paper

decided maybe my writing
is supposed to slope
like my thoughts
whirling across the page
collecting in drifts
fading in
and out

realized edges
are only created
if you cut things off
before they're finished

and angles
untamed
create
the line

DANCING ON SUMMER SOLSTICE



Photo by Michelle Chen

*They say it's practically
a scientific fact*

That women
Take up less space than men
Subconsciously crossing their legs
Bowing their heads
Folding their palms together
Like the steeple of a Church
But my God
When music enters the air
And each strand of hair hangs
From it's wise, free roots

Us woman, this woman, I
I light up
Like the first firefly
Spotted by wide, innocent eyes
In summer
And I can see your pupils dilating
Trying to take in as much as you can
Never has a woman
Let out such profound words
From such a soft mouth
Such powerful energy
From a smooth, rhythmic body

I take up more space in your mind
Than I ever will in real life
And you wonder why
You're so entranced
So endlessly curious
Surprised, stupefied
I don't even have to say a word
To make you realize
That you've never seen anybody
Who knew so very well
How to make her own freedom

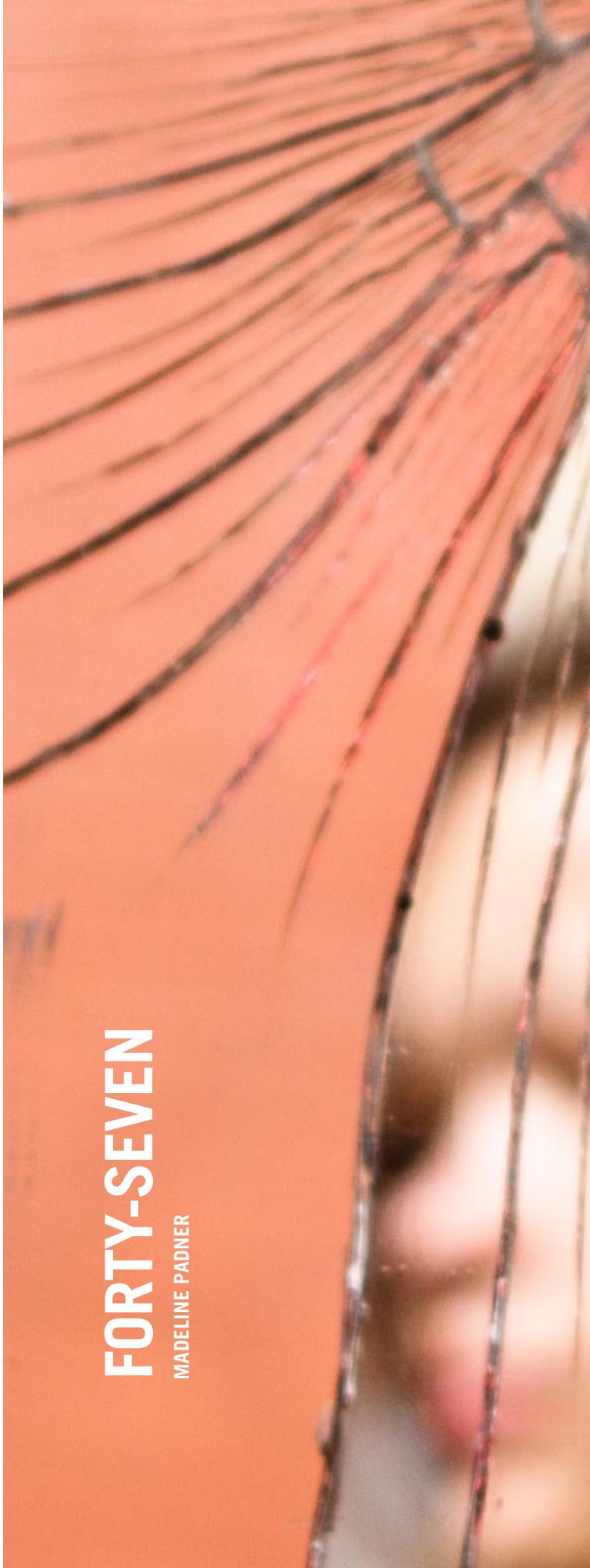
I. Her “Oh, honey,” was accompanied
By a sigh, and a
Frustrated frown when I explained
To her for the 47th time
That every girl should learn
How to apply perfect eyeliner, because
I thought that if a thick black line
Around my eyes could make me
“Beautiful,” it could make anyone beautiful.

II. Some of the 47 wounds he left me were
Too deep to be covered up, and
Even now I am made up of rough-skinned
Scars, that refuse to vanish
From my complexion, just as
The memories of you refuse to
Vanish from my head.

III. I knew it was a lie when you
Told me you loved me 47 times,
But I went along with it
Because I could see my
Reflection in your
Ocean marbled eyes, and I
Could tell from my expression
That I would pathetically
Do anything for you.

IV. I still blame myself for the way
You treated me—I was never
Good Enough for you. They
Say that time heals heartbreak,
But there’s never anything
Mentioned about heart-shatter, or
Heart-crumble, or
I-cried-for-47-days-straight.
Time cannot make me forget the wreckage
You left to rot within my soul.

V. I made a list the other day,
“47 Reasons I’m Better Now.”
“Now” as in “without your
Toxic grip on my life.”
“Now” as in “the scars are
Fading, the tears are long gone.”
“Now” as in “forgetting the exact
Shape of your perfect ocean-eyes.”
I’m beginning to believe in
New beginnings and a better me.



FORTY-SEVEN

MADELINE PADNER



Photo by Naser Mohammad

Which is the Best Campus?

Everyone knows that the four campuses at Rutgers-New Brunswick are different in their own ways. Due to these differences there has been much debate as to which campus is the best one. There's College Ave., where you can hear people screaming curse words followed by "Penn State," weeks after the game; Cook/Douglass, where people discover that non-human life actually exists in New Brunswick; Livingston, where freshman living in the towers can stare at the Livi Apartments and cry; and of course, Busch, where social lives go...to die! Of course, these descriptions are just my (somewhat) joking opinions, but let's see what the students of these campuses think is the best one.

What does

College Ave.

say?

Cook/Douglass

"Prettiest, and 'most natural.'

College Ave.

"Quiet in the mornings."

College Ave.

"Best location and food options."

What does

Busch

say?

Busch

"Has the most Math/Science classes."

Livingston

"The Livingston Apartments... and shopping"

Cook/Douglass

"Has a nice atmosphere."

What does

Cook/Douglass

say?

College Ave.

"Many places to go to."

Cook/Douglass

"Lots of open space and trees."

College Ave.

"There's so much going on there."

What does

Livingston

say?

Livingston

"Best dining hall, and is 'homey.'

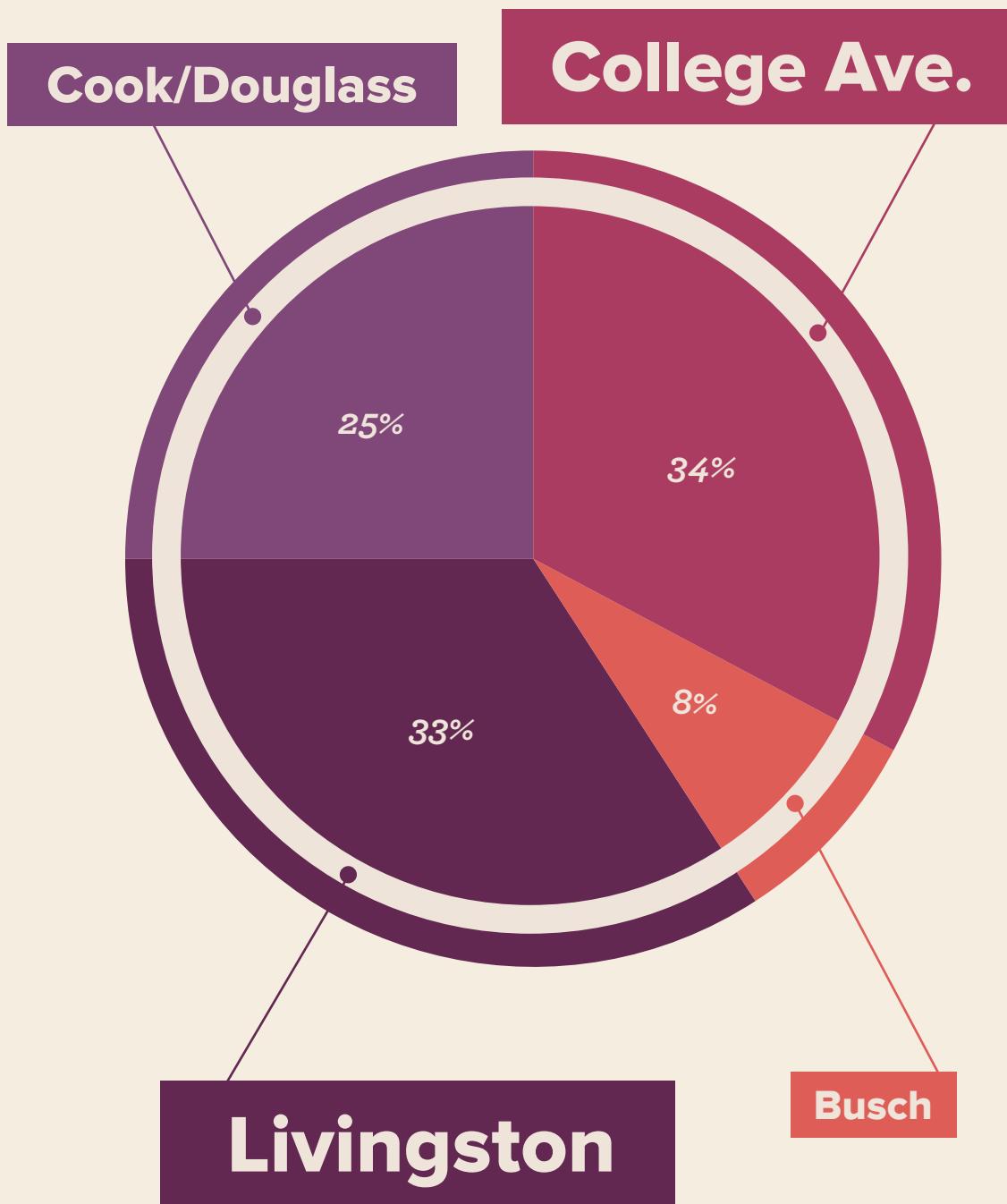
Livingston

"Everything is within reach."

Livingston

"Quieter, and 'not as disorganized as Busch.'

Here are the results:





**WANT TO JOIN
THE RUTGERS REVIEW?**

MEETINGS

Mondays 9:00 PM
Scott Hall
Room 121

**SUBMISSIONS, QUESTIONS,
COMMENTS, QUERIES:**

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